16 CHOCOLATE CREAKS. well Piessed with Their Cotsbration of Nt. Fafrick's Day that They Mean to Take a himitar Outing on Foorth of July.

The Y. F. O. Dove Progressive Euchre Club women who meet at one another's homes to play progressive euchre, spent yesterday in newn under the chaperonage of Mrs. Silas W. Pickering and Mrs. M. Sinnock. This organisation has sixteen members, all of whom— with the exception of Mra. Pickering, who is a roung married woman, and Mrs. Sinnock, who is a young widow-are unmarried. All sixteen

of them came to town.

They had a very delightful time. They went te the Star Theatre, and afterward they drank some soda water. From the moment they left Newark until they returned they remained close together, because there were two men who had crossed the ferry with them following

them all the while.
One of the young ladies had an appointment with her dressmaker, however, and was com pelled to leave her companions for half an hour, she parted with them in front of the theatre, but just as Mrs. Sinnock called to her. "Come back as quickly as you can," she dropped her pocketbook, and one of the two men picked it up and, with a low bow, handed it to her.

'such impertinence!" indignantly ex-

The young lady, however, smiled very amiaby upon the man, as she thanked him for his courtesy, and became quite red at the vehesence with which he declared his happiness is being able to do her an humble service.

The Y. F. O. Dove Progressive Euchre Club is one of Newark's leading social organizalongs to it, and Miss Myrtle Smith and Miss Jessie Force and Miss Olive Obrig, and all that set are members. Y. F. O., by the way, means "You Find Out." What it refers to only the members know, but, as Miss Pickering said, when a reporter asked her whether Rwas possible or impossible; Sometimes you do and sometimes you

It was Bessie Osborne's idea. Miss Osborne is a singer she has touched D sharp-and is brimful of ideas. One day last week sh

dropped her cards into her lap and startled every one by exclaiming: Jiogieswiz!" "Jingleswiz" is a Y. F. O. D. P. E. C. excla-

mation expressing intense delight. It origi-nated with Dosia Pickering one evening when she found the joker, the right and left bower, and the ace of trumps in her hand. Jingleswiz!" exclamed Miss Osborne. "What-is-the-matter?" the girls asked in

Baturday is St. Patrick's day!" said Miss Ceborne.

"That's a magnificent thought!" said one young lady. That's right, get sarcastic before I'm through. I was going to suggest something

What is it? wher all asked. "Let's get up a theatre party and have a good time in New York." The game stopped. Every girl made a sug-

gestion and criticised the suggestion of every other girl. They discussed the matter for two hours, and each girl described what she was going to wear. And that is how it all came The Y. F. O. Dove Progressive Euchre Club

about.

The Y. F. O. Dove Progressive Euchre Club left Newark on the 12:30 train yesterday aftermon. All but one of the members got on at the street. In the depot Mrs. Fickering and Mis. Ninnock counted their flock.

Where's Besale? they asked.

"Ressle's going to get on at Market street."

We'll have to keen a seat for her them. Who's got the tickets?

"I haven't." and "Thaven't." and "Neither have I." came from fourteen white throats.

"Here they are." came they young widow, cooning her reticule and taking out her pocketbook and closing her reticule and opening her pocketbook. After searching through a wilderness of visiting carde and silos of paper she produced a bunch of theatre tickets.

"Mell." said the widow, closing her pocketbook and closing her reticule and dropping the pocketbook into it and closing the reticule." "Well." said the widow, closing her pocketbook and opening her reticule and dropping he pocketbook into it and closing the reticule. "Why didn't you say so?"

So Mrs. Fickering had to go to the ticket wisdow and ask for filteen excursion tickets to New York. Then the train came in and they all got into the second car. There were only a few passengers on hoard and plenty of unoccupied seats. The first girl to enter the car fell into the seat nearest the door, and cried: "Here, Doves, all sit in a row."

Half a dozen of them took the seats directly when Mrs. Sionock entered and walked to the middle of the car.

"Come over here, girls." she said. "You're too near the door."

Every girl got up and took another seat, some on one side of the aisle and some on the other.

"Why don't you all sit on one side?" asked Mrs. Pickering.

other.

Why don't you all sit on one side?" asked

Why don't you all sit on one side?" asked Mrs. Pickering.

That's so! Come over here."

No: you come over here."

Oh, dear! such fussing about a seat."

Sit next to me, Dosla."

Where a my pockethook?"

Every member of the Doves arose and looked to see if, perchance, she had been sitting on the missing pocketbook. Then they looked under the seats.

Ask the conductor when he comes " said."

Ask the conductor when he comes," said Ask the conductor when he comes," said Mrs. lickering.
"Jingleswiz! It's in my pocket. The idea!" They were all scatch now upon one side of the siste and had begun to remove their wraps. The men in the car were smilling and gaing upon the jolly girls with deep interest. One girl—they called her Maud, and she had slue-eyes and light brown hair and a beautiful skin and a perfect figure—was teasing the sir who had lost her pocketbook. Closing her eyes and throwing up her hands, she exclaimed:

"Ok me husband has deserted me!" Oh me

"Oil, me husband has deserted me! Oh, me ernel, ernel husband! Oh, how could you! Oh, me Jack! Oh, me high-low-Jack and me husband! How could you? Why-hello Jacky-ldich't see you! I thought you had deserted me.

ed me."

The girls all laughed, and Mrs. Sinnock, mustering up a dignified frown, said:

Young ladles, please deport yourselves with decorum. Remember that I am responsible for your safe return to Newark."

"Oh, dear. Such a venerable chaperon.

There was a young widow of twenty-three Who once came over from German'es. And she was as gay As the live-long day.

How does the last line go? I've forgotten

"How does the last line go? Fve forgotten have been also been also

go on with that journey. Bessie seat, and asked a great many whom are all the Doves?" she asked first. We're firing the coop," answered one of the stropping a chocolate bonbon into her a driffed mouth.
Oh. hear," sighed Miss Bessie, suddenly. forgut my open disease."

the stear, sighed Miss Bessie, suddenly, forgut my opera glasses."

Well asid one of the Doves, "if there said thappen to be any excrueiatingly handses man with a blond moustache in the play can have mine. I can isse without them," the man repeat the charming prattic of theiring of girls or convey the sensations in as experienced by those who listen to it is both delightful and indescribable. here charming progressive cuchrs players itted and haughen and told stories, and did and more in that short ride from Newarsawy tork than any one man could tell of the attended one of the young women. "My uncle a dismond ring from an frishman in a sense once and had a pair of lovely earmands out of it for his awest nince—your this servant."

mane out of it for his sweet niece you has servant."

girls laughed at this remark, and contit ochat and laugh in an unrestrained so until the widow arose and went from a he other whispering.

on t per any attention to those two horrid maneral in the corner. They're staring they're Immediately every girl smoothed her dress, turked her stray locks under hat and pin, set-

On a scale never before attempted in this city. Our entire splendid spring stock to go at Special Prices, Beginning on Monday Morning. These are Sample Values :

Sample values:			
Ladies' 39c. Cambric Waists. Ladies' \$3.75 China Silk Waist. Boys' 39c. Domet Flaunel Waist. Children's 85c. Gingham Dresses. Ladies' \$2.50 Button Boots. 75c. Jet Coronets. Silk and Veivet Roses, bunch of 4. 75c. Rose Sprays, with foliage. \$1.19 Pocketbook and Card Case. 15x20 Framed Pictures. 18c. Black Ribbon, 3 in. wide. 20c. White Silk Ribbon. 25c. Oriental Net Top Laces. 39c. Spangle Laces at. 75c. Spangle Laces at.	19c \$1.98 14c 49c \$1.49 39c 15c 49c 25c 09c 12½c 15c 25c 39c \$1.00 \$2.98	60c. Black Surah Silks.  \$1.25 Lace Curtains.  \$2.25 Lace Curtains  \$1 Grass-bleached Damask (68 in.).  22c. Wool Challies.  35c. Armures  55c. Royal Serge  55c. Silk-finish Henrietta.  \$1 Black Storm Serge.  \$1 Black Surah Twills  50c. Black Imperial Serge.  \$1.25 Cloth Brushes  \$1.25 Cloth Brushes  \$2.25 Hair Brushes  \$5c. Tapestry Brussels.  4 Conti's 20c. Castile Soap.	\$3,95 58,496 98,50 79,166 216 396 596 596 496 396 496 106 106
Great Faster S	ale	of Roys' Clothing	

#### Great Laster Sale of Doys Clothing.



Medal Repellan," celebrated for its wearing qualities and color-Blouses trimmed with braid in six styles. Pialu black or white, black and blue, black and red, black and gold, and black and silver, sizes 5 to 12 years.

THE COMPLETE SUIT, EX. ALL FOR THA PANTS, TACHTING CAP, BRAIDED LAN. TARD, AND WHISTLE ...

or storie broasted, sizes 4 to 14; lowest regu- 2.98

styles, full suit, extra pants and polo cap; sizes 4 to 14, for

## SEE WINDOWS. Bloomingdale

THIRD AVE., 59TH AND 60TH STS.

tled herself into a graceful position, and then looked at the guilty men with cold hauteur.

The men looked at each other and smiled. Mrs. Pickering and Mrs. Sinnock were indignant. The other young women were probably indignant, too, but being unmarried, they were better able to conceal their feelings.

"Say, girls," whispered hins Maud, "let's look at them through our opera glasses!"

The girls all burst into laughter, and they might have carried out the suggestion if the two chaperones had not looked at them so very severely. At last, however, the train reached Jersey City.

There was a tremendous rustling of skirts and shaking of wraps as all the girls got all their things together and prepared to leave the train. As they passed in line down the atale all the progressive suchre Doves, excepting the two chaperones, glanced disdainfully at the two chaperones, glanced disdainfully at the two horrid men who sat near the door.

"I beg your pardon," said one of the

door.

I beg your pardon," said one of the wretches, smiling right into the widow's face,

wretches, smiling right into the widow's face,
"but haven't you left your glasses behind?"
The widow looked around, and, surely
enough, there were her glasses lying upon the
seat. There never was a woman but who
knew how to forgive. The sweet smile that
brightened the roung chaperone's face as she
thanked the wretched man showed that she
had forgiven him entirely. And when, on the
ferryboat, one of the girls said to her, "The
dark one was rather nice looking wasn't he?"
she did not say a word of reproof.

The ferryboat crossed the river safely. There
was quite a strong tide flowing, and as the
boat neared her slip. Mrs. Pickering, who was
standing on the upper deck near the rail,
hastily moved back a few stops and sxclaimed:

Oh, girls! We're going to bump into that
dock!"

But by good luck, as Mrs. Pickering afterward explained, the tide swept the ferryboat
past the dock, and. "Would you believe it, we
ran right into the slip without bumping into
anything!"

As the girls were about to cross West street As the girls were about to closs
Mrs. Sinnock said:
"Wait's minute, girls. I'll give you each
your ticket, because we might get separated."
The Y.F.O. D. P.E. C. Muddled around her
and the tickets were distributed among them.
One of the girls discovered that the collar of
another girl's dress did not seem to be exactly
straight.

straight. "Wait a minute, dear," she said. "I'll fix it

One of the girls discovered that the collar of another girls dress did not seem to be exactly straight.

"Wait a minute, dear," she said. "Fil fix it for you."

With her pocketbook in one hand and her glasses in the other, she started to adjust the refractory collar and promptly dropped both the glasses and the pocketbook. Then she had to open the case to see if the glasses were broken and look around the sidewalk to see if any coin had dropped out of her pocketbook. When everything, including the collar, had been satisfactorily arranged, the Y. F. O. D. P. E. C. started, two by two, up Cortiandt street toward Broadway.

There was quite a large throng in the street, and when the first couple came to a candy store and ran into get some bonbons, and the second couple, thinking they could get some candy quickly and catch up with the first, ran in, too; and the third did the same, and so did the fourth, until the whole crowd of eucline players were assembled in that candy store. At last they reached Broadway.

"Now, be careful, girls," said Mrs. Pickering, motioning to them to keep back, "or you'll be run over by a cable car. Now, come along. Follow me.

The chaperone started timidly across the street, glanding nervously to right and to left, as if she feared that a band of wiid indians might swoop down upon her flock at any moment. There wasn't a cable car came along. A policeman now came along, and kept back a procession of trucks and wagons until the whole Y. F. O. D. F. E. G. was safe on board the car.

The ride to the theatre was without incident. Of course every girl took occasion to tell the conductor not to forget to stop in front of the star fleatre, and of course the conductor looked bored and said. All right," and of course the car dim't stop until it got to Fourteenth street, and again, of course were girl took occasion to tell the conductor not to forget to stop in front of the star fleatre, and of course the conductor have a fine and the passed on the passed on the passed on the passed of them picked

lobby, two by two, and with a laughing "Forward, march!" led them up Broadway. How the men did stars! And how the women did open their eyes! This was a procession that did not figure in the official programms of St. Patrick's Day. And as the girls marched along, two by two, they kept their eyes upon the stores and the buildings—of course—and when a man stared at them they gave him a glance of icy contempt.

They marched to liuyler's. The place was jammed, but Mrs. Sinneck, tolling the other girls to follow her as best they could, squeezed her way through the throng to the cashier's desk.

her way through the throng to the cashler a desk.

Sixteen chocolate creams, please!" she said. The cashler seves opened in amazement. Sixteen, er—I beg your pardon! Er—oh, ves."

For the other girls had succeeded in getting into the store and the cashler could now see the entire Y. F. O. Dove Progressive Euchre Club. The check was paid for and the sixteen glasses of chocolate cream were finally prepared and handed to the girls. And the look of happiness that came into their faces as they

pared and handed to the girls. And the look of happinoss that came into their faces as they drapk was delightful to behold.

"Isn't it fine?" said Miss Pearson, who had been very quiet during the afternoon.

"Heavenly!" replied the widow, closing her eyes and taking a deep draught.

The sixteen glasses were empty, and sixteen tiny handkerchiefs were drying sixteen tiny mouths. mouths.

"Now let's go home," said Mrs. Pickering.
And home they went, arriving there—so that you may not be worsted about them—extremely tired, but safe and happy.

Mrs. Carl Kandson Dies Suddenly.

NORWALK, Conn., March 17 .- Mrs. Mary R. Green, widow of Prof. Carl W. Knudson, the well-known astronomer, who was buried two weeks ago, had an attack of heart failure this morning and died almost instantly. Yesterday her two brothers, Andrew H. Green, ex-Comptroller of New York city, and Oliver Green of Chicago, returned home after a week's visit. Mrs. Knudson was 70 years old.

Alleged Assatiant of Athlete Robins. Ward Detectives Wilkers and Winne, of the West Sixty-eighth street station, arrested. yesterday, William Schatt, a butcher, living at 104 West Sixty-seventh street, on the charge Robins on Monday evening last. He was locked up. It was said at the Roosevelt Hos-pital that Robins continues to improve.

### MUNYON'S FREE TREATMENT.

Thoroughly Tested and His Remedies Endorsed by Prominent People.

Some time ago the Munyon Homopathic Remedy Company created a sensation by distributing 10.000 vials of their libeumatism liemedy free. As a reault, thousands have been cured of this disease.

Dr. Munyon now proposes a similar plan in regard to Catarrh, Bronchitts, Asthma, and early stages of Consumption.

Any person suffering with these dread diseases and calling at the office in person will receive a trial local treatment absolutely free, by the most thorough and scientific specialist on these diseases is the country.

Remember, not a nemy to pay for local treatment until you are convinced we can help rou. The treatment is mild and soothing. No pain or unpleasant sensation. We have thousands of testimonials like the following: Mr. Henry bithardel of 212 East 34th st., says:

I have sufficed tortures from catarrh of the head and threat. My nose was stopped up and my head felt so dull and heavy that I was perfectly miserable and despaired of ever being free from this dreadful disease. I tried all kinds of treatment without deriving benefit until I took a lew weeks course of fluayon's treatment. My improvement was immediate and to-day I am entirely cured. I shall be pleased to talk with any one about my case, as I cannot recommend Munyon's remedies too highly. The Munyon Home Remedy Company treat all diseases with the same marvellous success that they now shout my case, as I cannot recommend Munyon's remedies too highly. The Munyon Home Remedy Company treat all diseases with the same marvellous success that they have attained in catarrhal diseases. Any one who is suffering with Rheumatism. Dyspepsia. Coughs, Colds, Liver or kidney trouble, or any other aliment, will receive examination and advice free. This company puts up cures for every disease, which are sold by all druggists.

Open all day and evening. Sundays, 3 to & 7 East 14th st.—Adn.

which I reverently believe is abhorrent to God."

One hundred friends of Ireland gathered in a flag-hedecked banquet room at Rogers's restaurant and listened to Irish music and the praises of their mether country. Speaking began at a late hour. Assistant Corporation Counsel John J. Delaney. John W. Goff, the Hon. Wright Holcomb. Henry L. Joyce, the Hon. Thomas C. O'Sullivan, Thomas J. Bradley, Roderick J. Kennedy, and Thomas Costigan responded to tosats. Among those present were Civil Justices James A. O'Gorman and Waubope Lynn. Alderman Rogers. Coroner Schultz, Majors Duffy and McCarthy of the Sixty-ninth Battalion. Hon. Daniel McAdam. M. W. Raynes, and Assemblymen Wright and Walker.

#### IRISH HOSPITALITY RULED. Mr. McDonald Warmly Received at the St. Disappointment awaited those who predicted

that a Donnybrook Fair scene would follow the appearance of Corporation Counsel Albert G. McDonald at the Forty-fifth annual dinner of the St. l'atrick Society of Brooklyn last evening. The predictions were based upon the object tions which some members of the society made to having Mr. McDonald speak at the dinner. One of the members who objected was Fresident Arthur J. Heaney, who said that he would not preside if Mr. McDonald attended

the banquet.
President Heaney kept his word. He did not attend the banquet, and consequently did not hear the hearty applause with which Mr not hear the hearty applause with which Mr. McDonald was greeted. There were blonty of hisses for Mayor behieren's name, and a few hisses in one corner of the room when Mr. McIopald areas to speak.

The few persons who started the hissing quickly subsided when the members and guests of the society gave a great cheer for the started.

speaker. Three hundred people attended the banquet, which was held in the assembly rooms at the Academy of Music. The room was decorated from and to end with American flags loided together and entwined so as to hide the walls, lishing the speakers' table was the green flag of kirls, and on all the other tables the color of Erin appeared in many insenious forms.

color of Erin appeared in many ingenious forces.
Vice President Hugh A. McTornan presided. He offered no excuses for the absence of President Heaney.
Dr. William B. Wallace responded to the toast "Ireland." In his speech he made this allusion to a reported remark by Mr. McDonaid. "If there he men here who may not be of my faith, and I am a Homan Catholic let those men understand that I would rather die than any the first word that would hurt their feelings or injure their rights."
This sentiment was greated with great appliance. This bentimers by the plause. Congressman Joseph C. Hendrix responded to the toast of "The United States." He likewise seamed to fear something, for he said that Mr. McDonald would have some pleasant things to ear about Ireland, and, in a selemn voice, reminded the audience that St. Patrick

ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNERS.

and a great deal of very green foliage.

ions down to the wax candles were green.

The menu offered another reminder of the oc-

casion in the shape of Irish bacon and greens.

John D. Crimmins, the President of the so-ciety, acted as toastmaster. Seated at the

ruests' table on either side of him were: Presi-

dent Seth Low of Columbia College, J. Jeffrey

tucky; Warner Van Norden, representing the

Holland Society; Hareld A. Anderson, repre-

senting the St. George Society; George A. Morrison of the St. Andrew's Society; C. C.

Beaman, Vice-President of the New England Society: Ellis H. Roberts of the St. David's

Society, and George Gordon Battle of the

Mr. Joseph Choate was not present, and the

harmony of the society dinner was not dis-

turbed. The speakers were John D. Crimmins, J. I. C. Clarke, Senator Lindsay, Seth

Mr. Crimmins in his opening speech review-

Southern Society.

James L. Gordon.

roles, reminded the audience that St. Patrick was a gentleman.

Mr. McDonaid's introduction to the audience started the loudest applause of the evening, and it was quite ten minutes before he was able to apeak. Then he told his listeners about the glorious past, present, and future of liroskip, and said that the prosperity of the city concerned the individual prosperity of each citizen. In concluding he said that he had never found more enjoyment at a public dinner. He had experienced exactly what he had expected—a splendid show of real Irish hospitality.

Other toasts responded to were "Our Slater Rocieties" by President R. D. Benedict of the New England Society, and President John & Keiley of the Friendig Sens of St. Patrick, and "Our Wives and Sweethearts" by Luke D. Stapleton. IRISH SOCIETIES CALEBRATE WITH The (Friendly Sons Have at Delmonter's Their 110th Assual Basquet-St, Clair McKelway Talks to the Mr. Patrick's Club at the Brusswick-Other Binsors. Friendly Sons of St. Patrick to the number of 250 dined last night in the ball room of Delmonico's, which, in honor of the occasion, was decorated with Irish and American flags, a portrait of St. Patrick, and the table decora-

BROOKLYN'S ST. PATRICK PARADE. The Celebration Was a Fine One, Although Irish Flags Were Missed.

For the first time in several years the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Irish societies had a joint parade. The procession was formed Roche of Boston, Senator William Lind-say of Kentucky, Comptroller Ashbel P. Firch, James Lindsay Gordon of Kenat the fountain in Bedford avenue. First came the police mounted equad under the command of Ferneant Johnston. Patrick Downen, the Marshal of the day, led the line, with John Soden and James Fitzpatrick as his chief aids. Then followed 100 troopers representing the various divisions. Next came filty carriages containing the guests, leading members of the A.O. H., and County Delegates Patrick McGuire and Miles McPartland. The Hibernian Rifles. Emeraid Guards, and other uniformed societies came in order, and were followed by the Denegal Association and the St. Patrick Alliance. The thirty-four divisions of the A.O. H. in Kings county then appeared. There were over 4,000 med in line. The line of march was as follows: Through Bedford, Willoughby, Classon, and Lafayette avenues. Schermerhorn, Clinton, Livingston, and Schermerhorn streets to Sidney place, where the parade was reviewed by the Rev. Father Ward and his assistants from the steps of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo: through Joralemon, Henry, and Remsen streets to the City Hall plaza, where the procession was reviewed by members of the Board of Aldermen and other city and county officials, and then through Court street and Atlantic avenue to Smith street, where the procession was dismissed. Soden and James Fitzpatrick as his chief Low. Ashbel P. Fitch, J. Jeffrey Roche, and

James L. Gordon,
Mr. Crimmins in his opening speech reviewed the history of the society, and described its first banquet, 110 years ago, when Gov. Clinton and Gen. Knox were present. J. L. C. Clarke answered to "The Day We Celebrate." He said:
"We claim that it is hypocrisy and bigotry to say that the Irish is a foreign flag. George Washington sat under its folds, saw the face of St. Patrick, and lived in its glow. Irishmen like to see their flag honored here not because it is the flag of a government, but the flag of a rask. Let nobody take the moan of the Mayor of Brooklyn over what he calls his vanished chances for the Lamentations of Jeremiah."

After Mr. Clarke had spoken Recorder Smyth read a set of resolutions eulogistic of Giadatone and expressions of regret at his retirement from office.

Senator Lindsay spoke of the "United States." Soth Low of the "State of New York." the Hon. Ashoel P. Fitch on the "City of New York." J. Jeffrey Roche on "The Press." and James L. Gordon about "Woman." There were Irish ballads between the toasts and Irish music throughout the whole evening.

Green flags, golden harps, and the Stars and Stripes overwhelmed the wall of the banqueting rooms of the Hotel Brunswick last evening, and 127 devoted sons of Irishad took part in the eleventh annual banquet of St. Patrick's Clun of New York city.

At 10 o'clock the tables were lined with green candles, cigars were lighted, and the Hon. Thomas F. Donnelly, the Pressient, delivered the opening address. William Georgegan read a poem entitled, "Symbols of Old Ireland." of which this is the opening stanza. Mrs. Joseph H. Choate told a reporter last night that her husband had put on his dress suit early in the evening and had gone out suit early in the evening and had gone out without saying where he was going. At a late hour Mr. Choate had not returned home.

It was reported that he was seen standing in Madison square looking alternately at the Hotel Brunswick, where the Nr. Patrick's Club was dhing, and at Leimonico's, where the Friendly Nons of Mt. Patrick, to whom Mr. Choate spoke a year ago, were celebrating the anniversary of that occasion without his presence.

THE SKIPPER'S WIFE A STRAIRGIST. She Had Not Navigated the Erts Canal for

Not man's might, but woman's art, landed Capt. Henry Stegner in the Fast Twenty-second street police station last night. Stegghegan read a poem entitled, "Symbols of old Ireland," of which this is the opening stanza:

These symbols of old Ireland
Bring Joy to every one
Whose eyes first toke, woose tips first spoke lienath stream Erin's sun.

The Hon. Arthur G. Caruth of Kentucky spokes to the toast, "The United States."

J. W. Kelly, the rolling mill man, kept the guests laughing for twenty minutes. Mr. Kelly said he could not quite determine how he came to be present or why he was permitted to remain, in view of the fact that he was from the "fagiess city over the river."

St. Clair McKelway followed on "What America has done for Irishmen." Mr. McKelway said in part:

"One never hears at a dinner on St. Patrick's Day what the Irish have done for America. The modesty of that people is as monumental as their achievements are immortal. In this presence I would not dare tell the story of the benefits they have conferred upon this country by living in it. These benefits, however, may be suggested by considering what this country has done for them.

The one word which expresses the most interesting activity in the United States is politica. The one word which expresses that for which Irishmen have a geniue and a passion is also politics. American politics has been under obligations to Irishmen. I have heard that Irishmen have been under obligations to American politics. True, they have never held offlue, but they have been the most powerful friends of civil service reform in the world. They are say and diffident about their own merits, but the alsertity with which they have allowed their English orethern to govern New York and their German brethren to control Tammany Hall may have escaped the historian, but can never escape the novelist or the poet.

"There is another benefit which the United States have conferred upon Irishmen." ner is Captain of the canal boat Justice Tryon moored at the foot of East Twentieth street He lived aboard with his wife and two children Ever since he got in, his wife says, he has been

He lived aboard with his wife and two children. Ever since he got in, his wife says, he has been drinking heavily. Later he began to act queerly. On Friday morning he declared that he smelt chloroform and that he believed his wife was trying to poison him.

The Captain left the boat at noon yesterday and came back at night. About it o'clock his wife heard him tramping up and down the deck. She put her head out of a window and said. Awast there!"

The Captain shook his head and said he was on guard. He had a big bale stick, which he held as a man would a musket, and continued to walk the deck. He said some one was trying to kill him. His wife couldn't get him to come down, so she called to men on the pier for help. They got Policeman Schoelle of the Hast Twenty-second street station.

There was another boat lying between the Tryon and the pier. Schoelle jumped on to the deck of the first boat and tried to get over to the Tryon. Capt. Stegner went that way with his bale stick and wouldn't tot Schoelle aboard." No damned pirate shall come aboard!" shouted the skipper. Schoelle fell back and got Policeman Brady and together they got to Captain off the Tryon. Then they tried to get him to the station. He is big, strong, and was ugly. He said he wouldn't go, that the whole police force couldn't make him and that he wouldn't give up his bale stick. Then Mrs. Stegner eam to the front. She walked ahead of the skipper for the station and told him to fall in. He swung his bales tick and got in line. Schoelle and Brady fell in behind, and the march to the station was made without incident. An ambulance took the Captain to Hellevue Hospital, where the experts will try to find out what is the matter with him. It may be a case of too much alcohol.

The second annual exhibition of the New York Society of Keramic Arts, held under the

Tammany Hall may have escaped the historian, but can never escape the novelist or the post.

"There is another benefit which the United States have conferred upon Irishmen. At an early period of its existence this nation adopted a flag. It is a banner so excellent that every other flag in the universe is benefited by companionship with it. To keep company with the Stars and btripes makes every banner enjoying that privilege an emblem of liberty, fraternity, and loyalty during the whole of the association. I am annoyed at those who have thought the rad, white, and blue unworthy to fly along side of the Irish green or of the tricolor or of any other flag save the red one of anarchy and the black one of piracy, whose adherents are the enemies of the Irish race.

"I am free to say that if the proposition was to displace the American banner, all of us would be against it. But they are not better friends of the national flag who rail at the green than are those who like the green, and who love the red, white, and blue as well.

The United States to-day are the theatre of some sentiments not worthy of pride. The centiment which has lately sprung up in variauspices of the Ohlo Society at 236 Fifth ave. threefold that of the former exhibition, and of the 450 services or separate pieces displayed by the sixty-three members many found pur-

by the sixty-three memoric may rechasers.

The society prize for the best original piece, donated toward the fund for permanent head-quarters, was awarded by the judge, Mr. Dan Beard, to Miss Marie Le Prince for a tile, subject, "A Brown Study." for her original sketch of the "Old Mill on the Bronx River." who love the red, white, and blue as well.

The United states to-day are the theatre of some sentiments not worthy of pride. The sentiment which has lately sprung up in various quarters toward Know Nothingism wears all the qualities of that heresy except the name. It has chosen this flag episode as an occasion for its display, with the difference that the spirit, instead of being directed against all foreign influences is directed only against Irishmen or their descendants in these states. It is a spirit which cannot survive discussion or examination. It is hostile to the genius of American institutions. It is contrary to the condition of American living and American thiking. Just why it has exerted itself so intensely in these later days one can hardly tell. Probably the poverty of great issues between the great parties has ushered in a short period for small men and small questions. I predict the early collapse of an unnatural, a proscriptive, and a cruel sentiment, which from the very nature of things is abhorrent to mea, and which I reverently believe is abhorrent to God."

One hundred friends of Ireland gathered in

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 17.-The Hon. Bourke Cockran was expected to arrive here to-day from Mexico and deliver an address at the St. Patrick's Day celebration to night, but he failed to appear, much to the disappointment of a large crowd which had gathered at the Grand Opera House to hear him. Private despatches were received saying that Mr. Cockran and Congressman Wilson are on their way to San Antonio from Gundalajara, travel-ling by easy stages. They will probably reach here to-morrow.

Case Butlet for Minself Only.

From the St. Lovis Globe Democrat.

"The most cruel tribe among the North American Indians is the Anaches," said J. L. Griswolf. "I was in the far West during one of their outbreaks, and while I did not witness their atrocities. I talked with those who had. Their captives are tortured with knives, by firebrands, and in every way that the ingenuity of the savages can invent. I met one man who had lived in the West for many years, who carried a derringer pistol, especially for the purpose of killing himself should he exhaust his other firearms in a fruitiess attempt to escape capture. If taken alive, he said he would use his derringer upon himself and consider that he was fortunate in being able to escape by such a death the tortures that would ensue if he became a captive.

A Tarantu a on the Dinner Table, Iron the Chainnati Evantree.

A big trantula, fully three inches in diameter, jumped from a bunch of bananas at Prof. Max E. Esberger's home. 74 Fourteenth street, yesterday. Frof. Esberger had purchased the bunch of bananas before noon from an Italian peddler. After dinner the bananas were put on the table for dessert. Two of the professor's ititle children had each taken a banana and handed the dish to their father. Just then Mr. Esberger noticed a big tarantula creeping up from amid the bananas. He told the children to run, and crushed it beneath his foot.

M -12:20, 25 Jefferson street, no damage: 2 04, West Thirty-eighth eirset, Dr John J. Neville no

damage; Robi, Brook avenue and 132d street, New York, New Haven and Hartford Hallroad Company's. 

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ttake elevator, where applications are made and samples of hate are colored free of charge.

We have no Branch Offices in this City,

THE MAN WHO HAS PARED THE THE GENEROUS OFFER OF DOCTORS STREETS OF NEW YORK. MCCOT AND SNOW. How He Was Cured of Catarrh by Bostors

Among the sturdy workingmen of New York few are better known than Mr. Charles Crowley. For many years Mr. Crowley has been Foreman of street paving for a promisent contxactor. He has paved our attrets rom the Battery to Harlem and on up to Morrisania He has lived at 160 East 115th atreet for the past two y five years, and is a popular ex-President of the avers Union. The following statement, wristen by imself, he wishes to place on public record



"My trouble began about twenty-five years ago in my nose and cars. At first it did not affect me much, but gradually grew worse and worse. My nose was stopped up, and my head was filled with noises like those made by boiler makers, or like those heard in the engine room of a steam-hip. I felt like swallowing all the time. Something was in my throat that was "When I went to the barber shop for a shave I was

afraid I would choke before I left the chair. On wak-ing from sleep my mouth would be full of mucus, and I was more tired than when I went to bed. Pain across my forehead and behind my eyes never left me. My memory began to fail. I easily became confused, and was always afraid of blundering. I really feit that I

#### AMUSEMENTA.

The Symphony Concert. The sixth and final symphony concert of

Saturday evening last had a unique and noteworthy programme, which consisted only o two great symphonies, one old and very well known, the other quite new, and performed on this occasion for the first time. These were Beethoven's Ninth and Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony. The latter bears the opus number 74 and is the latest composition of the talented Russian musician. It was also the last work that he conducted at St. Petersburg formed by the London Philharmonic, but as Tschaikowsky promised Mr. Damrosch the right of first performance in this country, he had the honor and good for tune to present it to our public and his audience was not slow to appreciate the extraordinary beauty of this inspired creation. Applause long and loud followed every movement. The term "pathetic," as applied to the symphony, was given to it by the author and appears upon the title of the score. Sadness is, however, not especially the characteristic of any portion of the work, except-ing the last movement. The keynote of the composition, in feeling, is a sort of noble seriousness: an expression of that mingled aspiration and resignation which comes only to those hearts that with patience have endured and conquered in the world's battle. The whole symphony speaks most eloquently a language incomprehensible to all but "those who have ears to hear." they who can listen with the soul and understand such divine messages as music carries to it. The last movement is particularly touching in its pathos. It condenses all the solemnity of a funeral elegy linto its phrases, and closes in the most impressive manner possible to conceive of. This work, it is easy to perceive was not made for the sake of occupation or pastime. It was Techakkowsky's last word and is like a summing up of all his life thoughts. It is agreat symphony. Mr. Damrosch's men acquitted themselves admirably in the solving of its innumerable technical difficulties, but undoubtedly a longer familiarity with them will give even greater facility in execution, and, it may be, in exthetic interpretation also. For such a score as this might be aspiration and resignation which comes only execution, and, it may be, in astatetic interpre-tation also. For such a score as this might be studied long before the best results could be obtained for it. Frequent performances of this lovely piece of writing should certainly be

lovely piece of writing should certainly be given.

The Ninth Symphony, with all its prestige, its age, its penderous dimensions, did not so far outwelgh the preceding one as to dwarf it in any degree. Those who have made a business of analyzing this famous work of Beethoven pretend to find that the composer reveals the whole philosophy of life in its pages and call it the master's most important work. Others, not so learned, find but little pleasure in listening to it.

The first time that the Ninth Symphony was given in this country was in or near the year 1850, at Castle Garden. Since then it has probably been done in New York at least forty times, and never much better than last evening. The soloists, Fraulein Pevny, Mrs. Alves, Mr. Rieger, and Mr. Bushnell, were sincere and even enthusiastic in their efforts; these qualities being most desirable for a successful grasping of the necessities of the vocal score.

ANTS IN FLORIDA. If Anybody Donbin Their Industry Let Him

Try to Raise Garden Truck. From the Sevennels Morning Notes.

There are more ants to the square mile in Florida than in any other country in the world. There are ants which will measure more than half an inch in length, and then there are anta half an inch in length, and then there are ants so small that they can scarcely be seen to move with the unaided eye. There are red ants and black ants and troublesome ants. But as bad as they are i have never heard of them eating out the seat of a man's trousers, as a missionary, the liev. Mr. Wilson, once told the writer he saw the army ants do in India while the man was sitting on the earth for a few minutes beside big.

ary, the flev. Mr. Wilson, once, told the writer he saw the army ants do in India while the man was sitting on the earth for a few minutes beside him.

But the Florida ants will take out the lettuce and other minute seeds from the soil in which they are planted and actually destroy the bed. They will suck the life out of acree of young cucumbers and melen plants, uproof strawberry plants, or cover the buds with earth to such an extent as to kill them. They will get into pie, pickle, squee, syrue, sugar, on meat, in hash, will riddle a cake, or fill a loaf of baker's bread till it is worthless.

All remedies failing, I took to balting them near their nests with shees of meat, bones, apple and pear parings, and when I had from 50,000 to 100,000 on turned a kettle of boiling water on them. I have killed during the last week over 1,000,000 in the space of a quarter-acre lot, and I have almost whipped them out. I had to do this to secure any lettuce plants, and many observant farmers complain of seedsmen when they should attribute their troubles to insects.

It is very curious and instructive to see how prompily the ants which escape the scalding go to work taking out the dead, and, after pulling them outside first, then go to excavating again and rebuilding their cells and runways. This being done very quickly, the next work on hand is the laying in of a supply of food, by hauling the dead bodies of the hot-water victius into their storehouses.

You may see a small black ant hauling and the golden. Next you may see a sort of ambulance corps searching for the disabled. These are taken to the underground house, where the surgeons and nurses are in waiting. Then too, you may see the time keepers and bosses directing this one or turning another back on some errand or to some other duty.

There is not a moment's delay, no halting feet no rids hands, but all move as if it was their last day on earth and this was the only hour left in which to redeem a misspent life. For leasons in industry and perfect government go to th

Ada—I understand Blanche is to marry into an old family.

Ida—The oldest to be had for the money.

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head seemed to weigh a ton. I gradually became deaf,

until f couldn't hear at all unless spoken to very lendly and plainly.
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eas do the work in one may with the utmost ease.
"I have a new head and a new body. I am one homdred times the better man fo-lay than I was before I took treatment of Doctors McCoy and snow,
"I am so grateful to Doctors McCoy and snow for the
cure they have effected in my case that I tell the story of it to the world that many others who are afflicted as I was may know of the fact and be rescued from a face that was so nearly mine. My home is epon to any who may call, and with pleasure I shall senest to them this simple story of how Doctors McCoy and Snow treat

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Trooper's Story of the Hardships in the Bush when the Hunted Turned Hauters. From the Landon Daily Telegraph.

A Trooper's Story of the Hardships in the Bush when the Hunted Turned Hunters.

Post the Landon Daily Telegraph.

Writing from Inyati, Matabeleland, on Jan. I. a member of Wilson's party says. Have just received just received you letters. We are all longing for papers, as we hear that the just have a provided the war. Will you get as many like the war. Will you get as many like the war will of the war. Will you get as many like the war was all one as you can collect, and sout them, as they may reach me some day, and we know nothing of what the press says a sout us? You may see by this lime that I am alive, and I heartily thank God that I am spared after what we have been through. In delies me trying to explain on jusper what we have gone through and only those who have have gone through and the shangam liver. We sharted with five days rations of meal. On our arrival we have gone through the shangam liver. We sharted with five days rations of meal. On our arrival at the Ring's kram Major Wilson and thirty men entered the kram! or village; thinking they would easily take the king. They were however, immediately surrounded by thousands of Matabeles. At the same moment we discovered that the bush was black with them, and we were very soon hemmed in. We could see the Major and his narry have never been heard of since, and there is no doubt that they were cut up to a war.

For six whole days we were absolutely without food, and we had to take to sating our own horses owing to our being cut off by the blacks in the thick bush. Oh: the awful remembrance of that horrible time. Most of us never been heard of since, and there is no doubt that we should have heen starved out and butchered, as most of our horse had heen shot or digit a first we should have heen story of the would and see the heart of the wounded and s

He Never Did More Things Than Any Other From the St. Louis Globe Demo

Media, Pa. March 12.—One of the most remarkable old men in Delaware county is Edwin Urian, residing in Darby township. He has a record hard to eclipse. He is now in his sid year, and says he nover smoked a pipe or a cigar, never chewed tobacco, never cwned a dog, watch, or gun, except an oid gun he bought at a saie for \$3, and he thinks some-body stole that, for he never shot a load from it. He never ate but three cysters, never crank a glass of beer, never was at a drous or theatre, and was never more than thirty miles from home but once in his life. He never belonged to any association or secret order. He went to work when a boy for three fippenny bits a day, and has never been idle a day since for want of work. He thinks that honcest labor and temperance never hurt anybody. He has an idea that he has squared more timber for building purposes than any other man new living in Darby township, or perhaps in the county. He is still as hale, heart, and active as most men of sixty, and his wife, who is a few years his junior, is also living, and in excellent health.

A Boy's Patriotic Eyes. From the Charleston News and Courses,

Mr. Jesse Spright, one of the most prominent eitizens of Pitt county. N. C., is the authority for the statement that Greene county. In his State, is the home of one of the most remarkable freaks of nature this country has probably ever produced. This freak is a savenyear-old son of Mr. Lassiter, a farmer of Greene county. Around the pupil of each of the boy's eyes, in circular shape, is the word "America" in perfect characters. The boy's eyes are dark and the lotters are brown and legible upon a close inspection.

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